







# Occasional Poems,

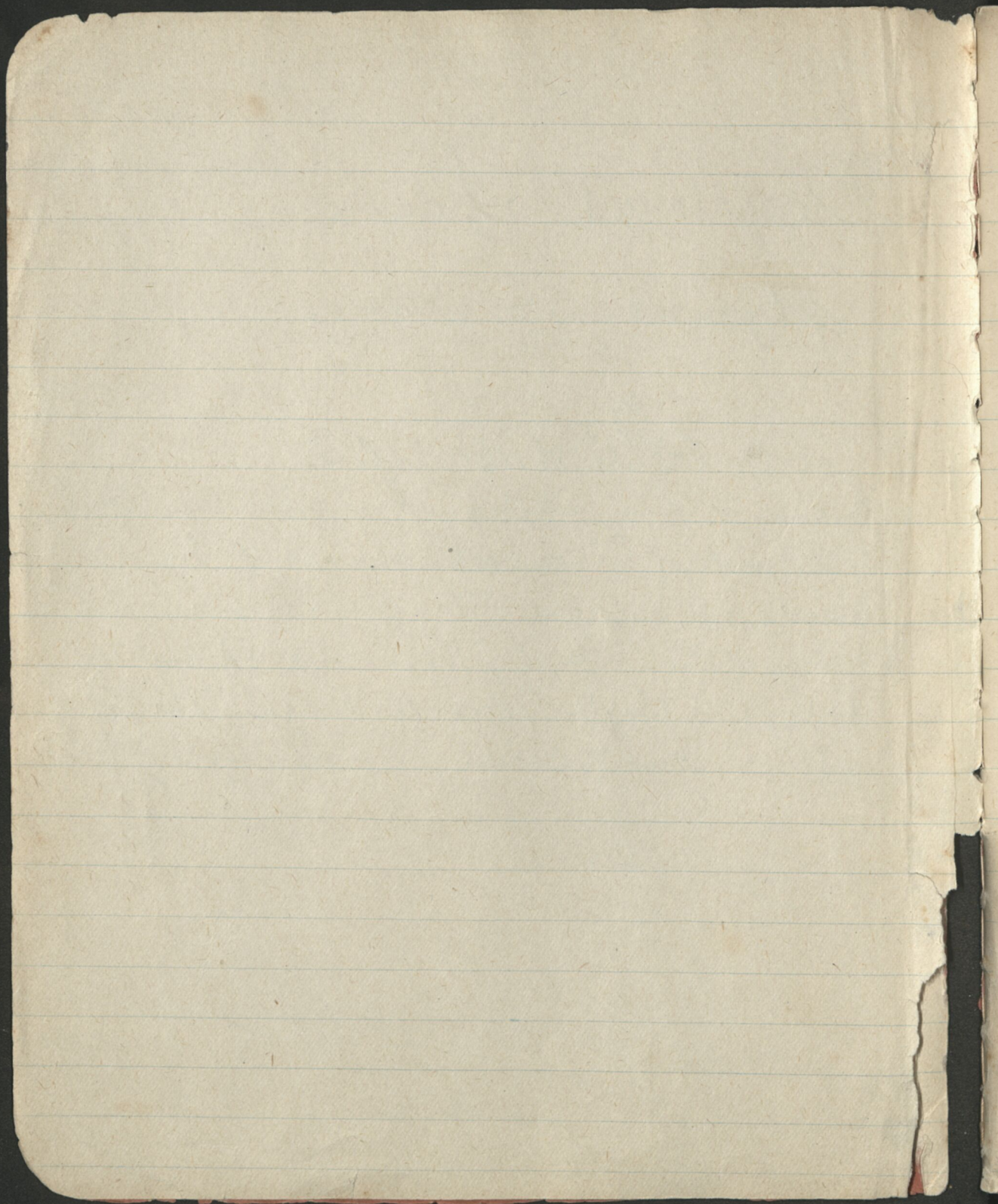
## Hymns and Songs.

By

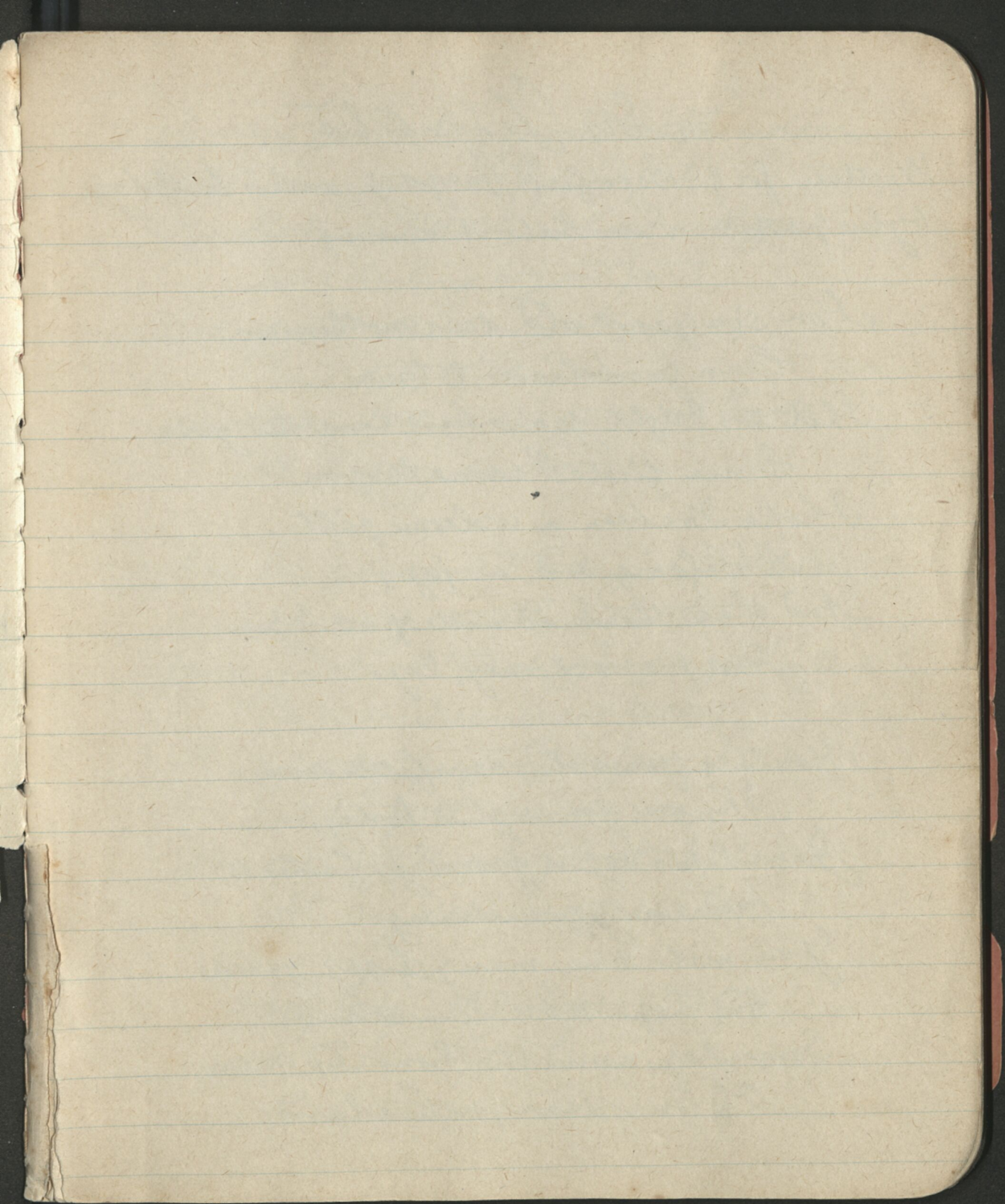
Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

Author of "From Shore to Shore and Other Poems",  
"The Heart of Siasconset", "Lives of Lincoln,  
Peabody and Dickens", "Daughters of America or  
Women of the Century", "The Soldier's Daughter",  
"The Captive Boy in Terra del Fuego", "The Young  
Captain", "Frank Nelson, the Runaway Boy" etc, etc











# I'm Six Years Old.

Written for J. Bradford Gregory, on his birthday,  
by his pastor - Rev. Thebe A. Hanaford.

I'm six years old, dear mother, now;  
Can you believe it true,  
That six bright years have come and gone  
Since first I came to you?  
I hope I've been a welcome gift,  
A blessing and a joy,  
And that the Lord will spare to you  
Your precious, only, boy.

I'm six years old, dear father, now,  
I know you're glad today;  
Your little boy is growing fast,  
And surely you will say  
You wish him many happy years,  
And hope to see him stand,  
Some day, amid the honored men  
Of our dear, native land.

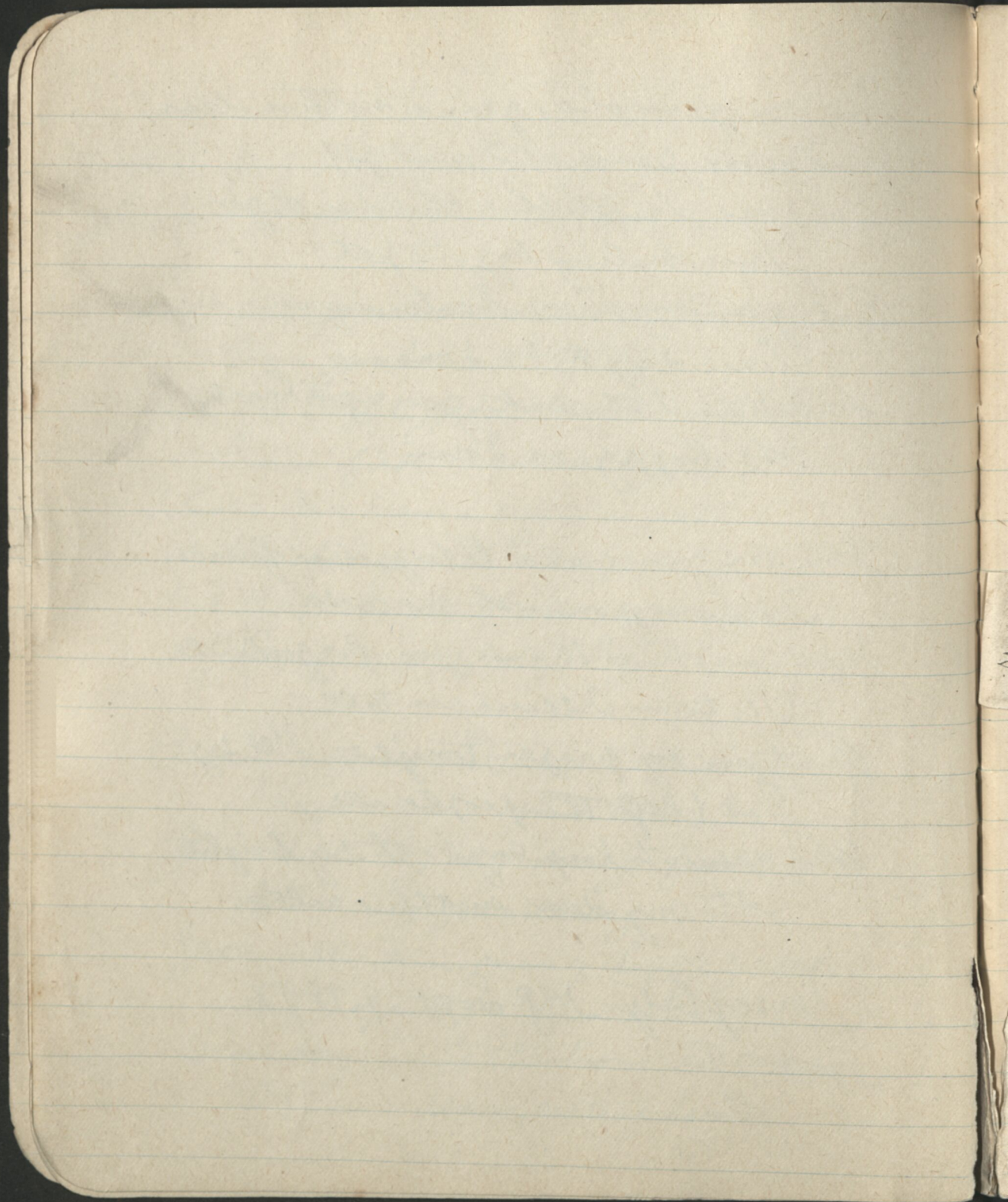


I'm six years old, grandmother dear,  
I'm six years old, and yet  
I'm sure I'm still a child with you  
Your darling boy and pet;  
But, grandma, I am hastening on  
Some day to be a man,  
And then I'll make your aged heart  
As happy as I can.

I'm six years old today, dear friends,  
I know you wish me well,  
How much I thank you for good-will  
'Tis true I scarce can tell;  
But in my prayer, tonight, I'll say,  
"God bless the people all,  
Who came to keep my birthday bright  
At my dear mother's call.

Jersey City, N.J. Sept. 9, 1877.







Sixty-Seventh Anniversary.  
Written for Major and Mrs. Gilbert of  
New Haven, Conn.

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

Not sixty-seven years of wedded life alone,  
But all those years of wedded life and love  
While though life's evening shades have darker grown  
Still brightly beams the Star of Hope above.

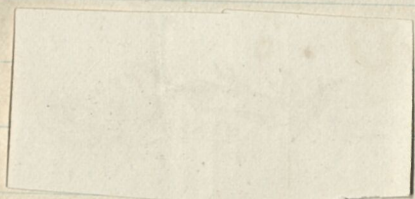
The hope that years uncounted yet may come  
Lovers still, in that fair land  
Loved ones grace the Heavenly Home,  
Welcome to the angel band.



Not theirs, today, the earthly hopes and fears,  
Time's steady flight has brought a better time  
The evening's peace succeeds the toils of years  
Till life shall broaden in a fairer clime.

How sweet the memories of the years gone by!  
How passing sweet the precious hopes that glow,







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But all those years of wedded life and love  
While though life's evening shades have darker grown  
Still brightly beams the Star of Hope above.

The hope that years uncounted yet may come  
And find them lovers still, in that fair land  
Where long-lost loved ones grace the Heavenly Home,  
And bid them welcome to the angel band.

Not theirs, today, the earthly hopes and fears,  
Time's steady flight has brought a better time  
The evening's peace succeeds the toils of years  
Till life shall broaden in a fairer clime.

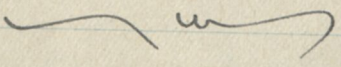
How sweet the memories of the years gone by!  
How passing sweet the precious hopes that glow,



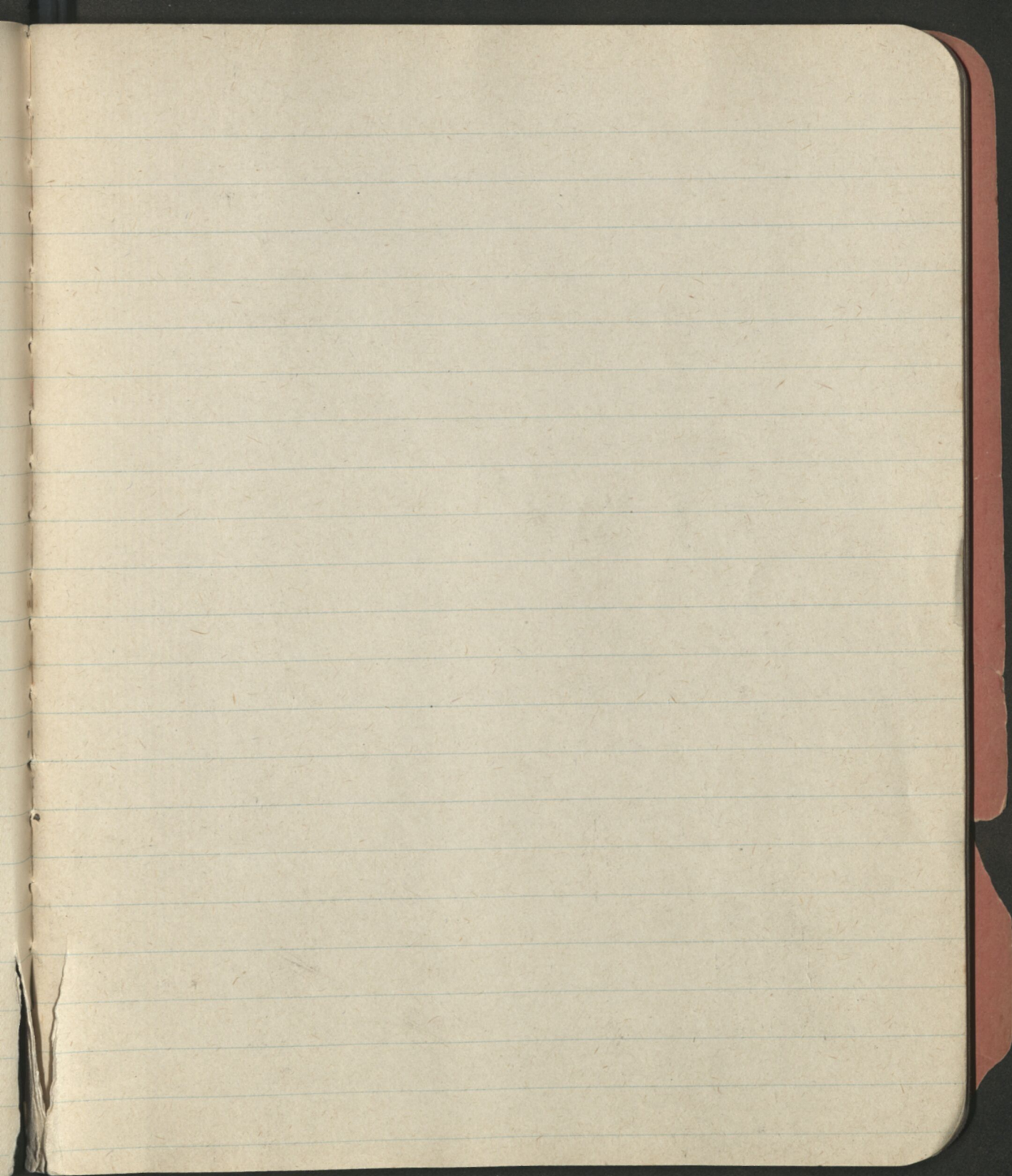
Like star gems flashing in the evening sky  
With promise of that dawn the angels know.

Dear friends, <sup>whose</sup> ~~those~~ weary feet still patient tread  
The earthly pathway to the Heavenly Shore,  
Be sure that loving hearts will ~~gladly spread~~  
Gladly spread  
Love's roses in your pathway evermore.

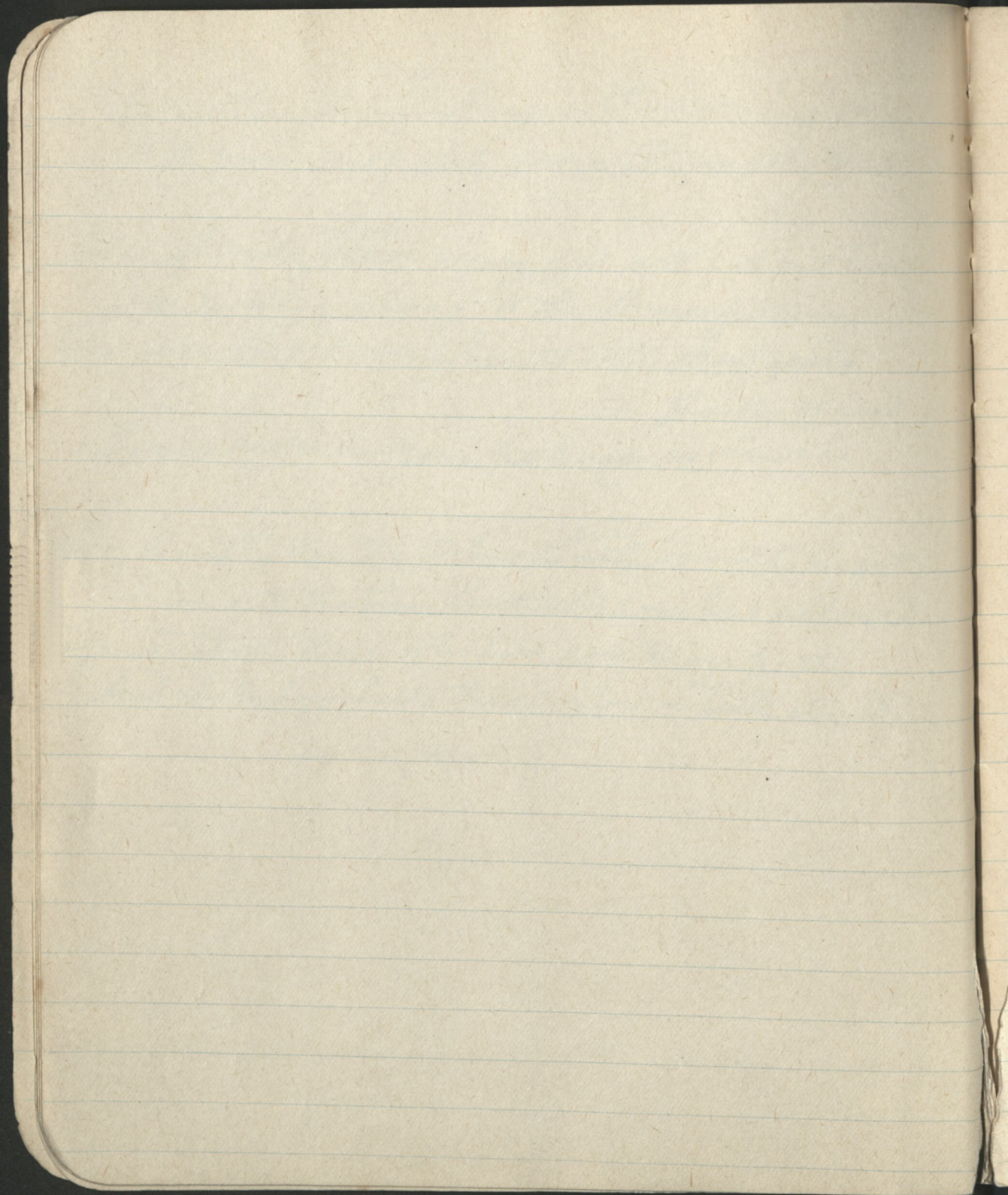
So, hand in hand, and heart <sup>still</sup> ~~with~~ bound to heart,  
Live out the time Best Wisdom has allowed,  
Assured that those who love can never part,  
And while love lasts there can be no <sup>dense</sup> ~~dark~~ cloud.



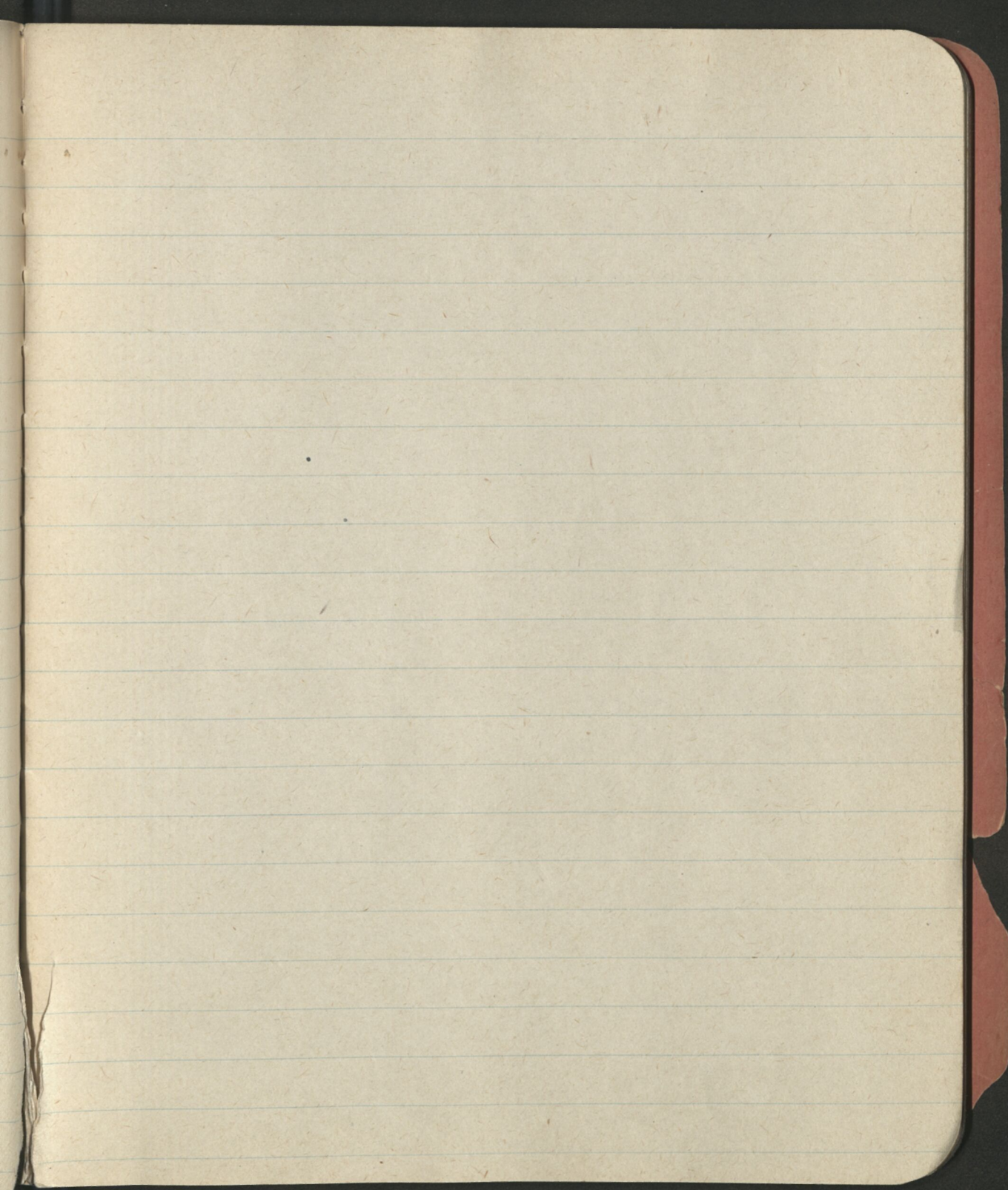




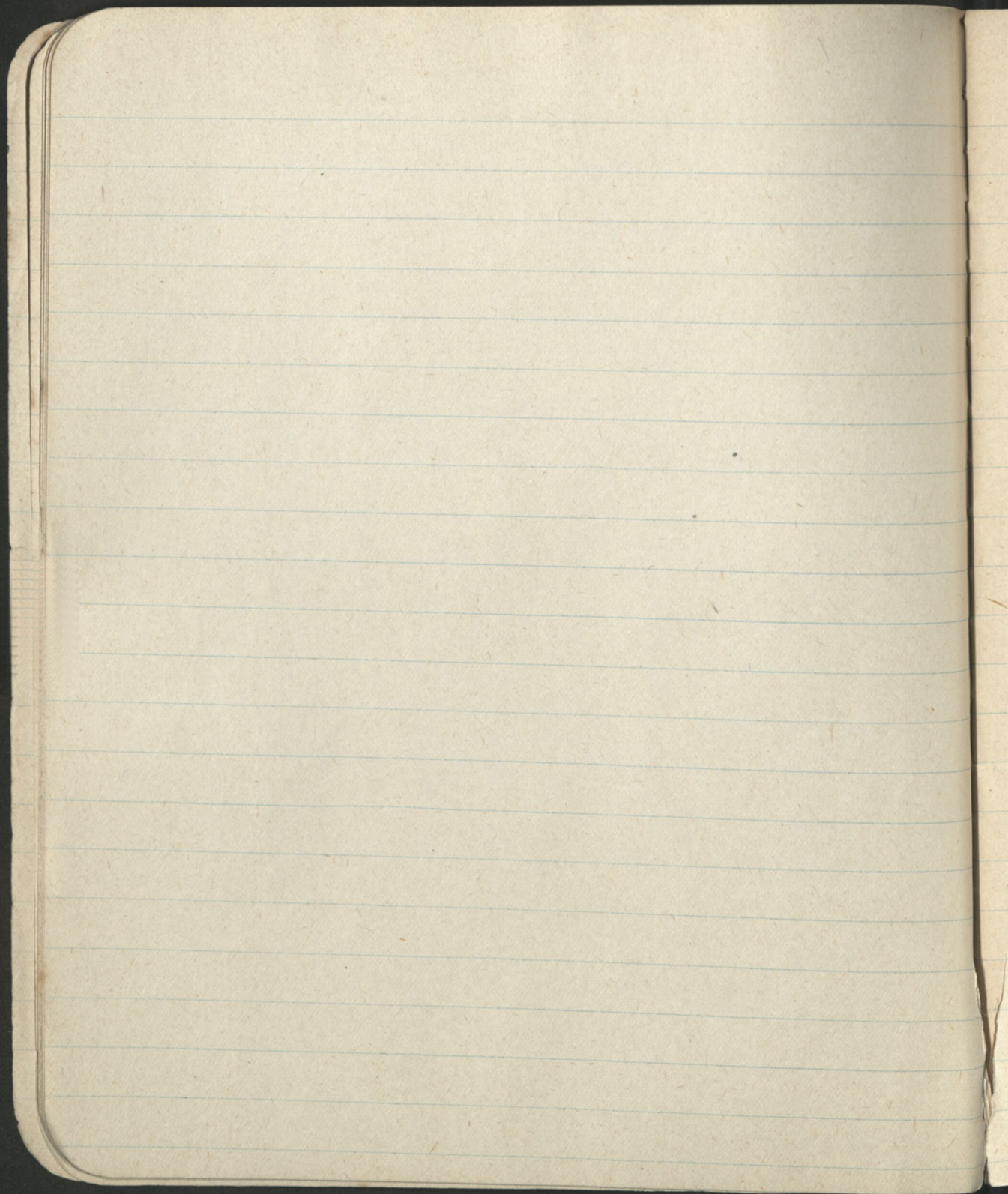




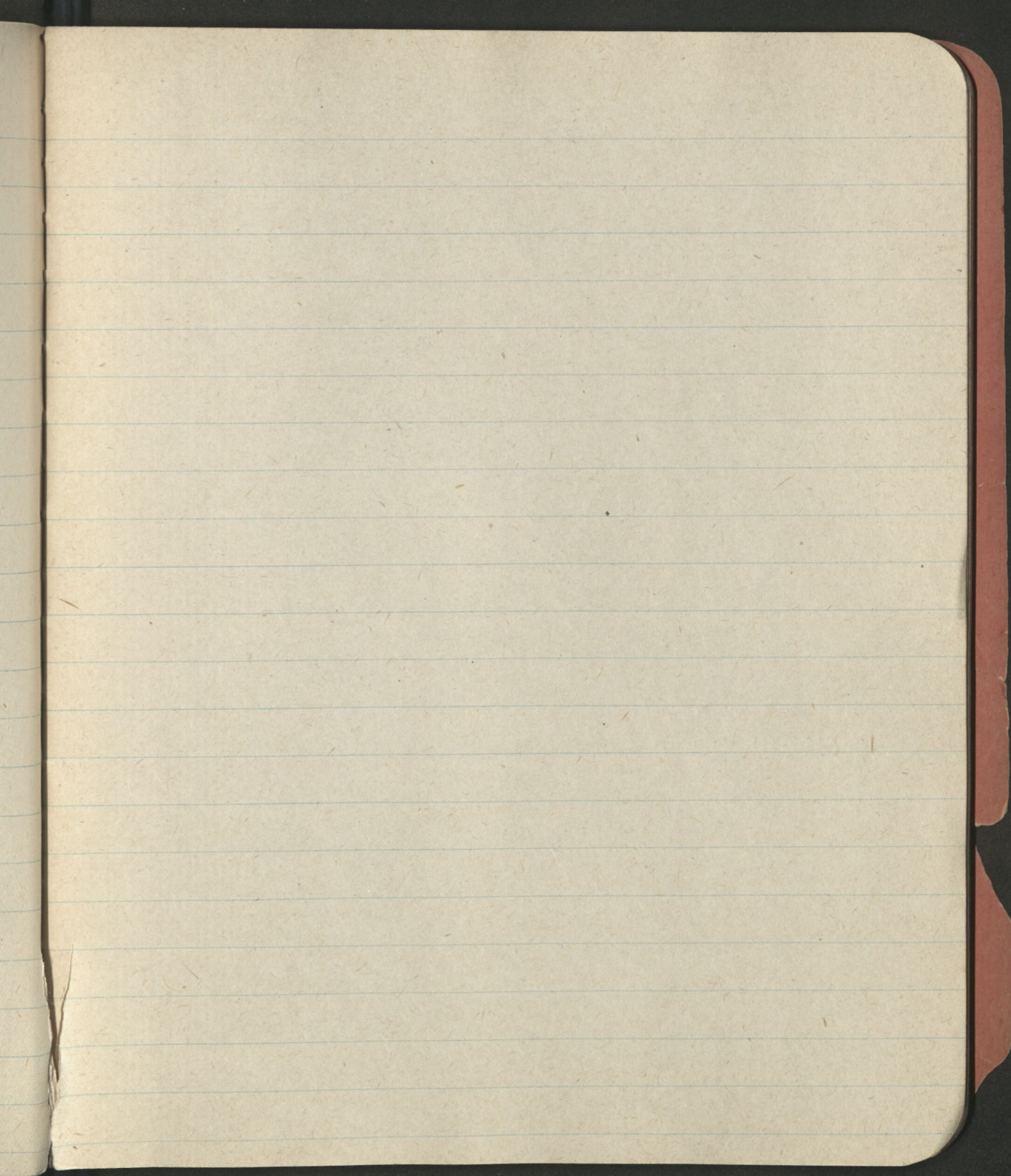




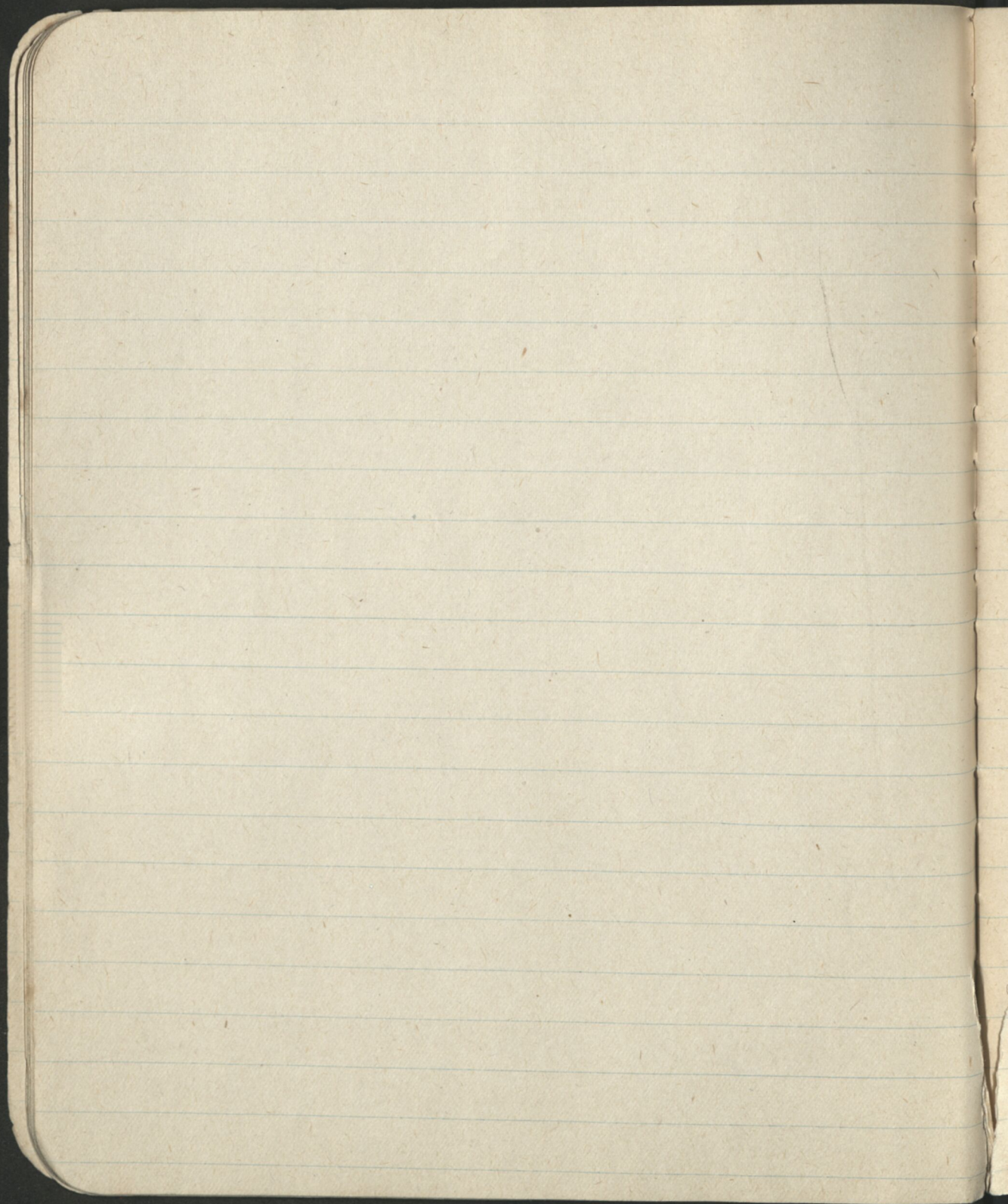




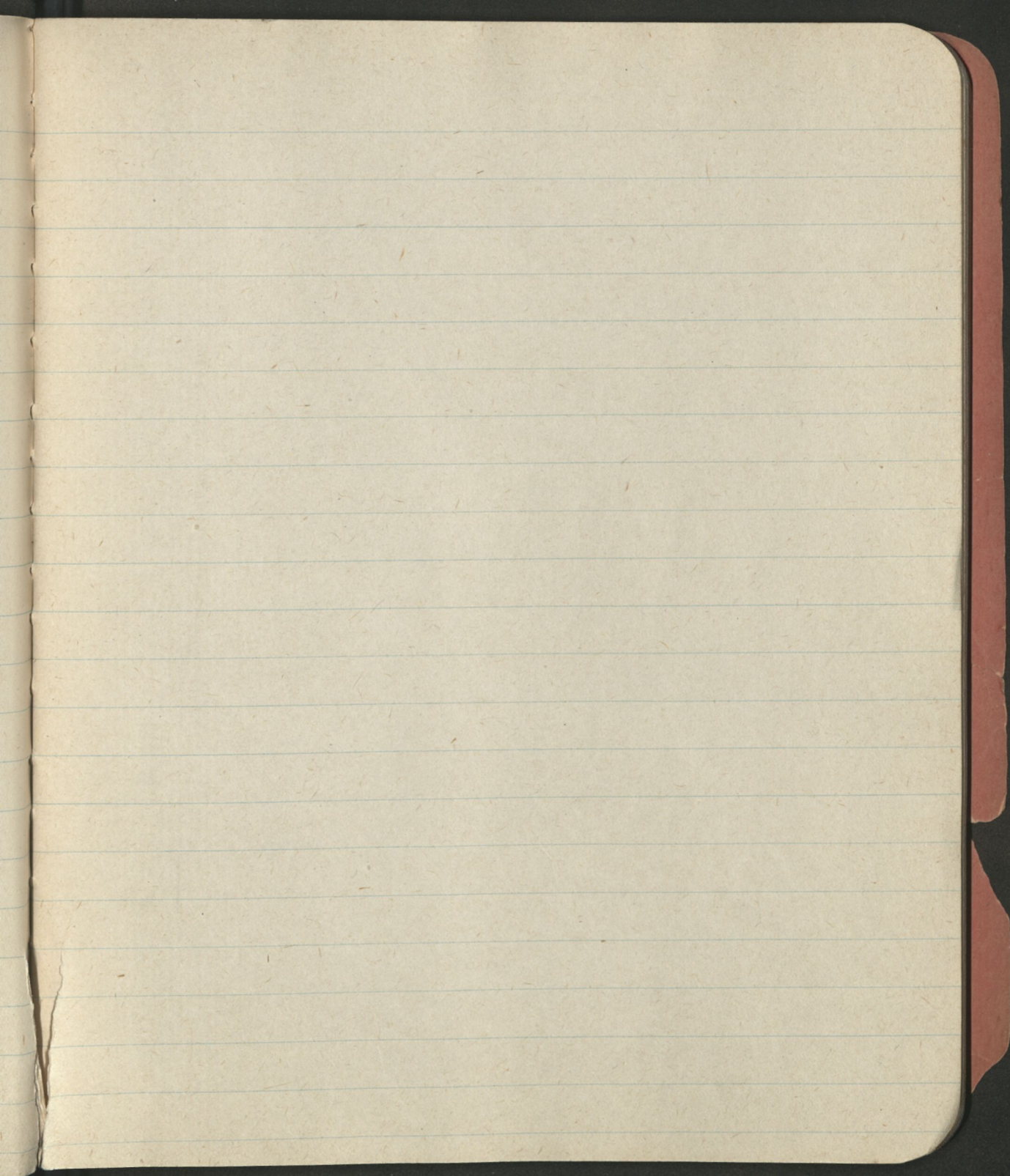




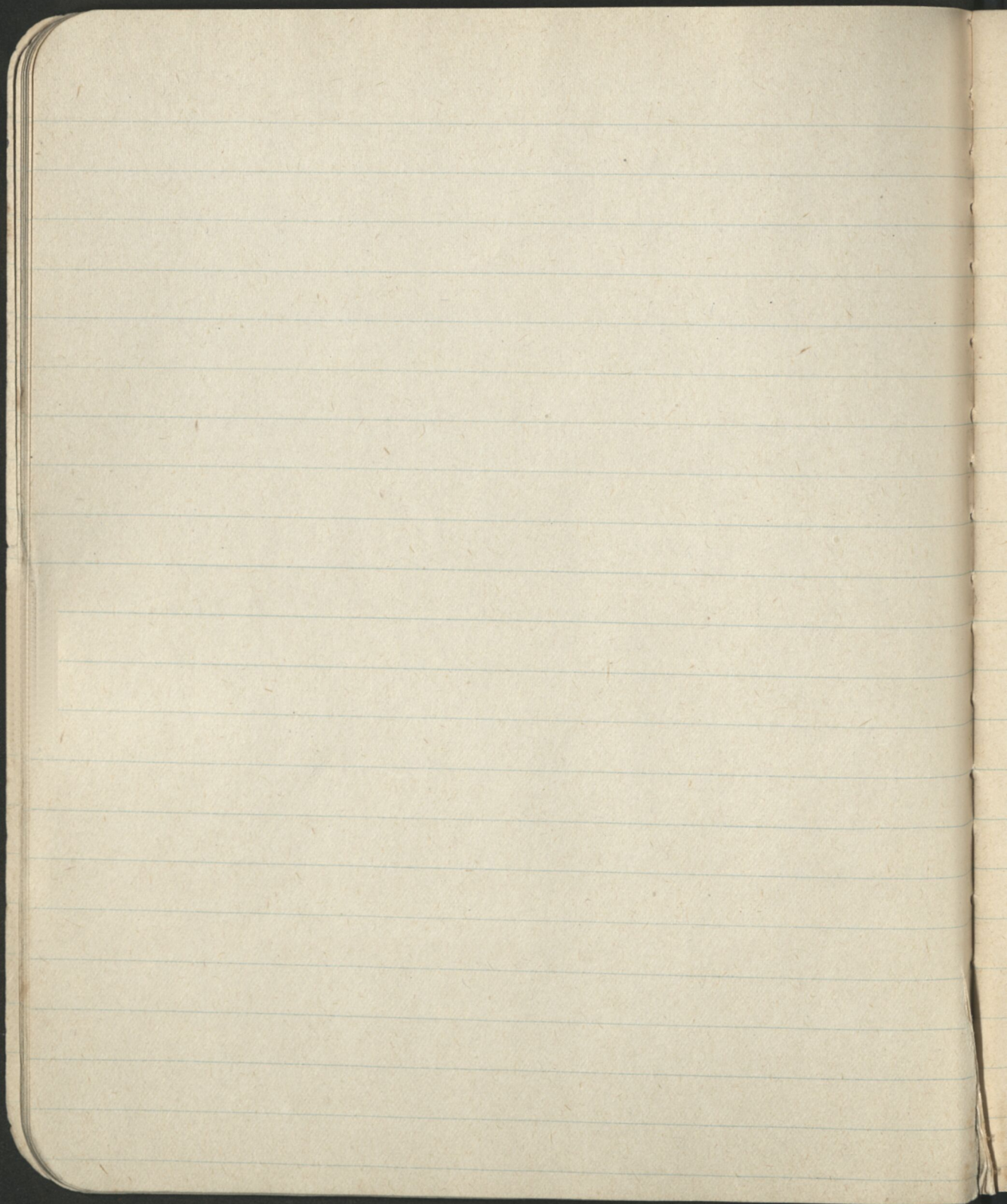




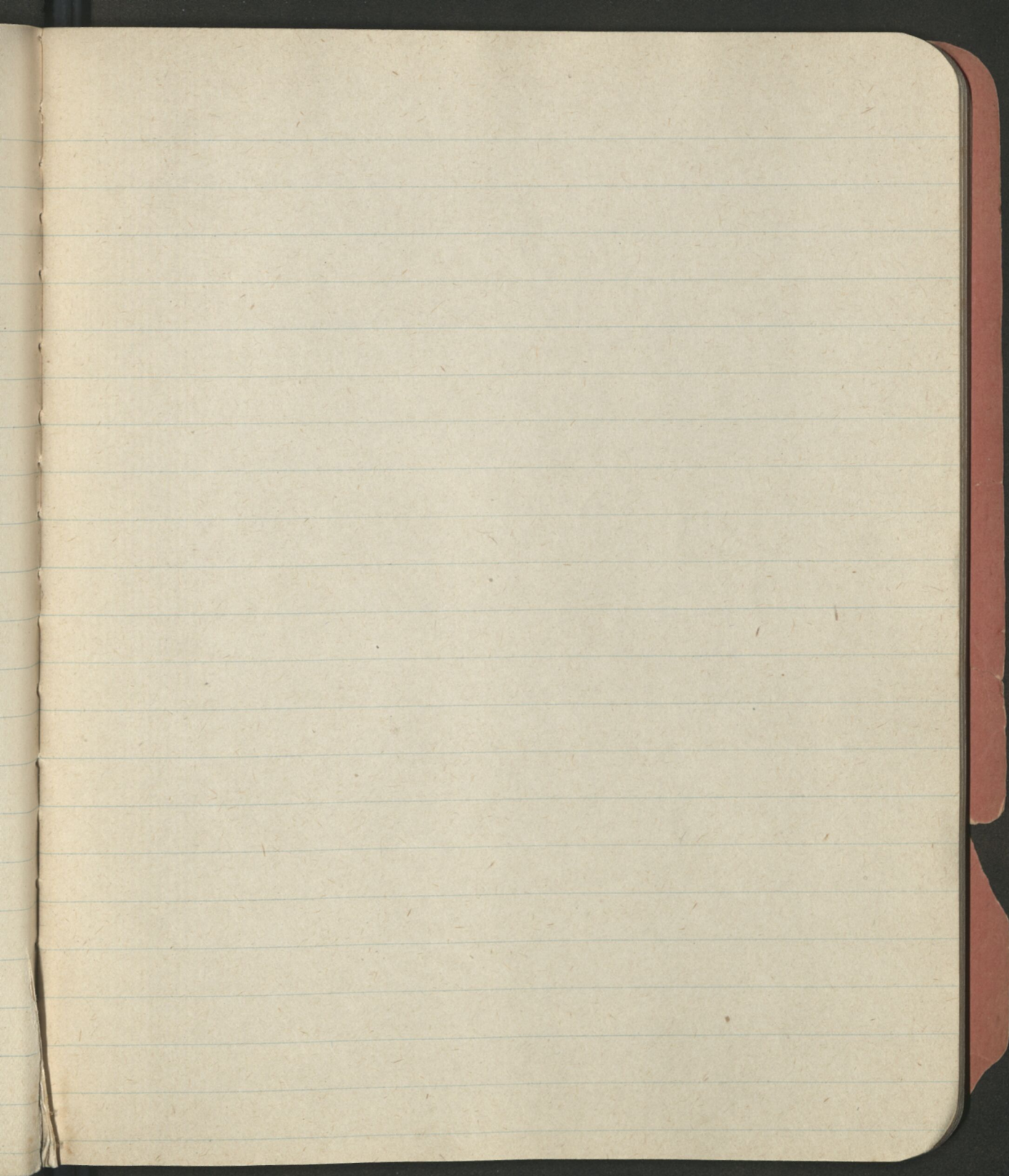




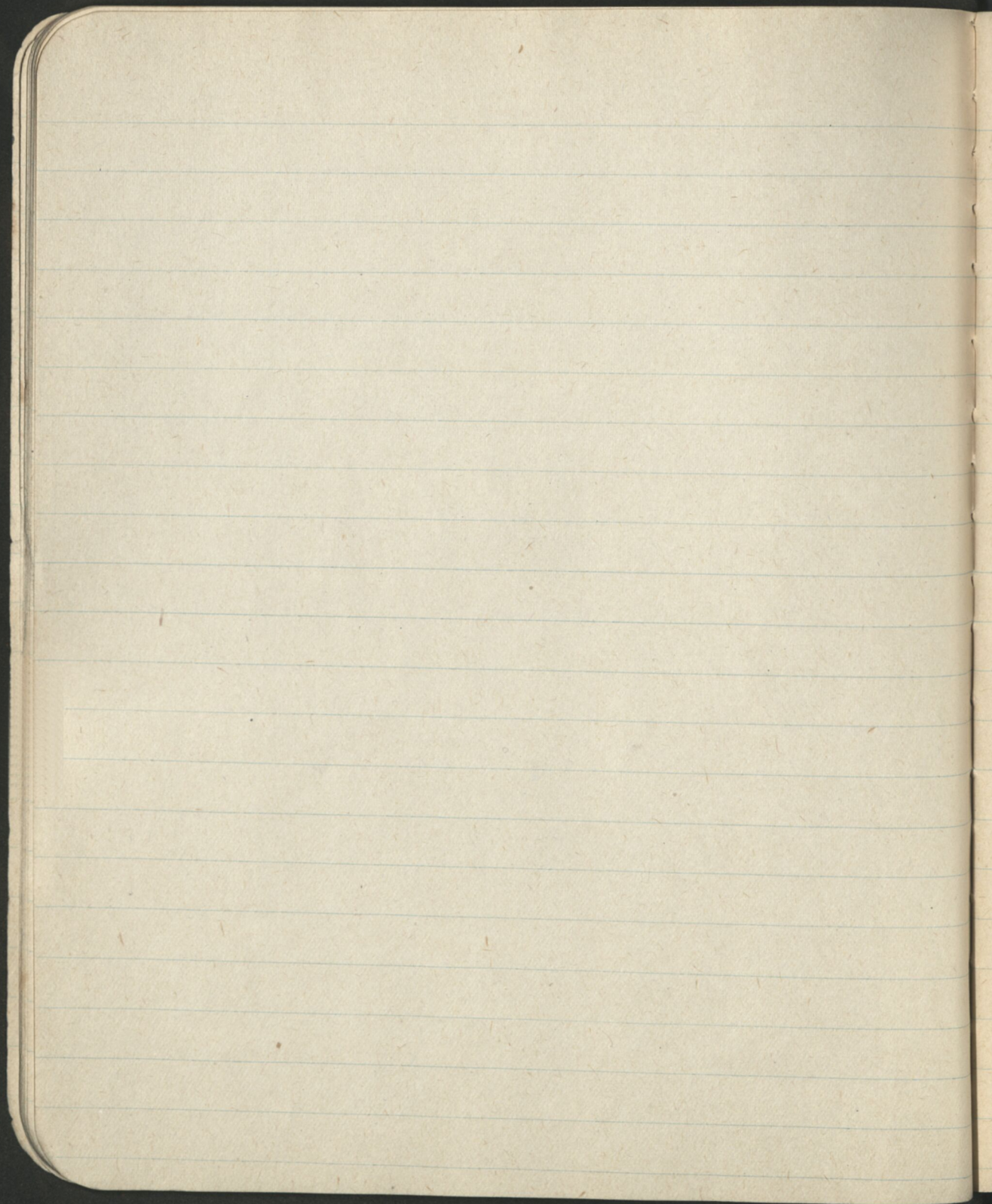




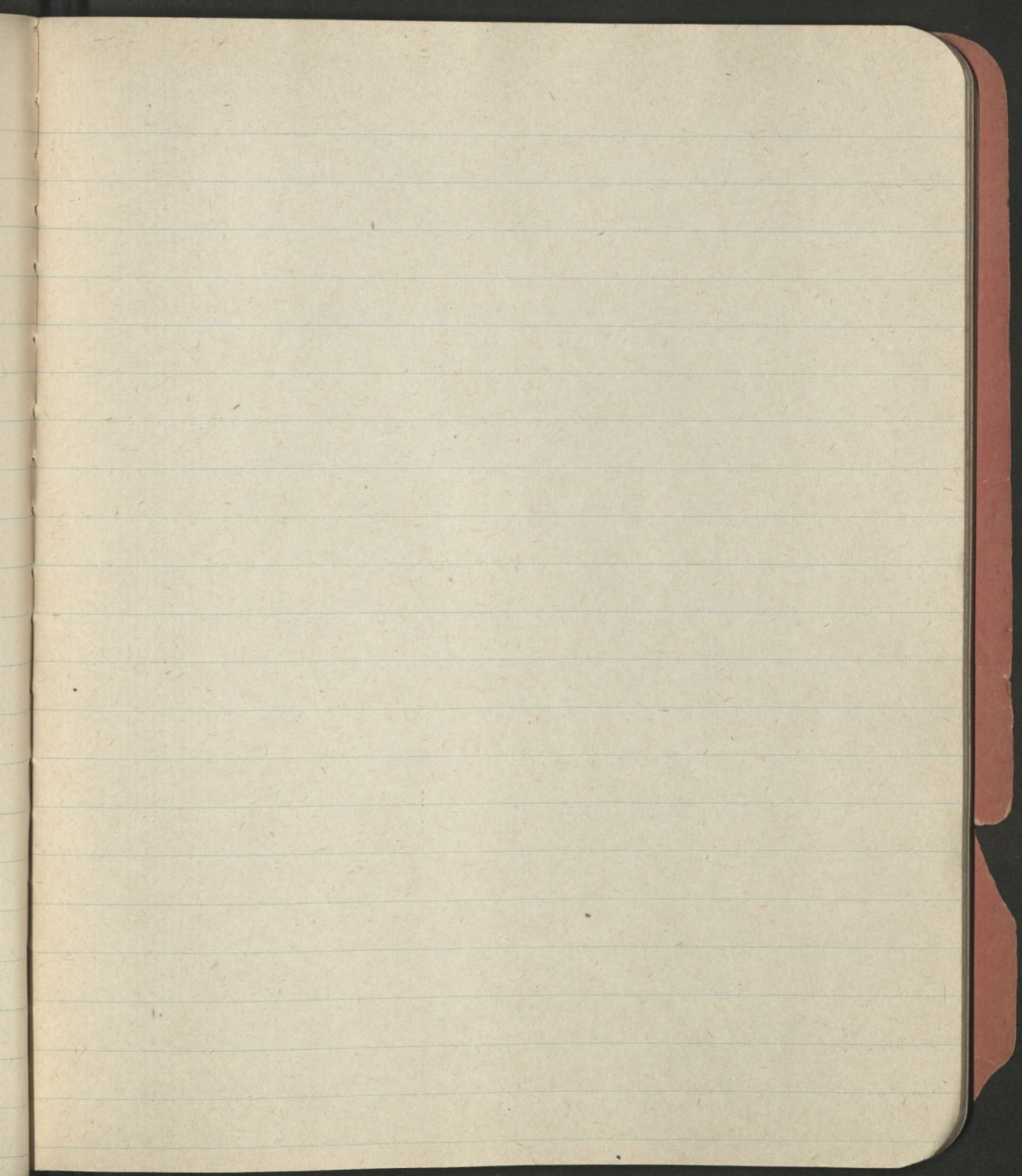




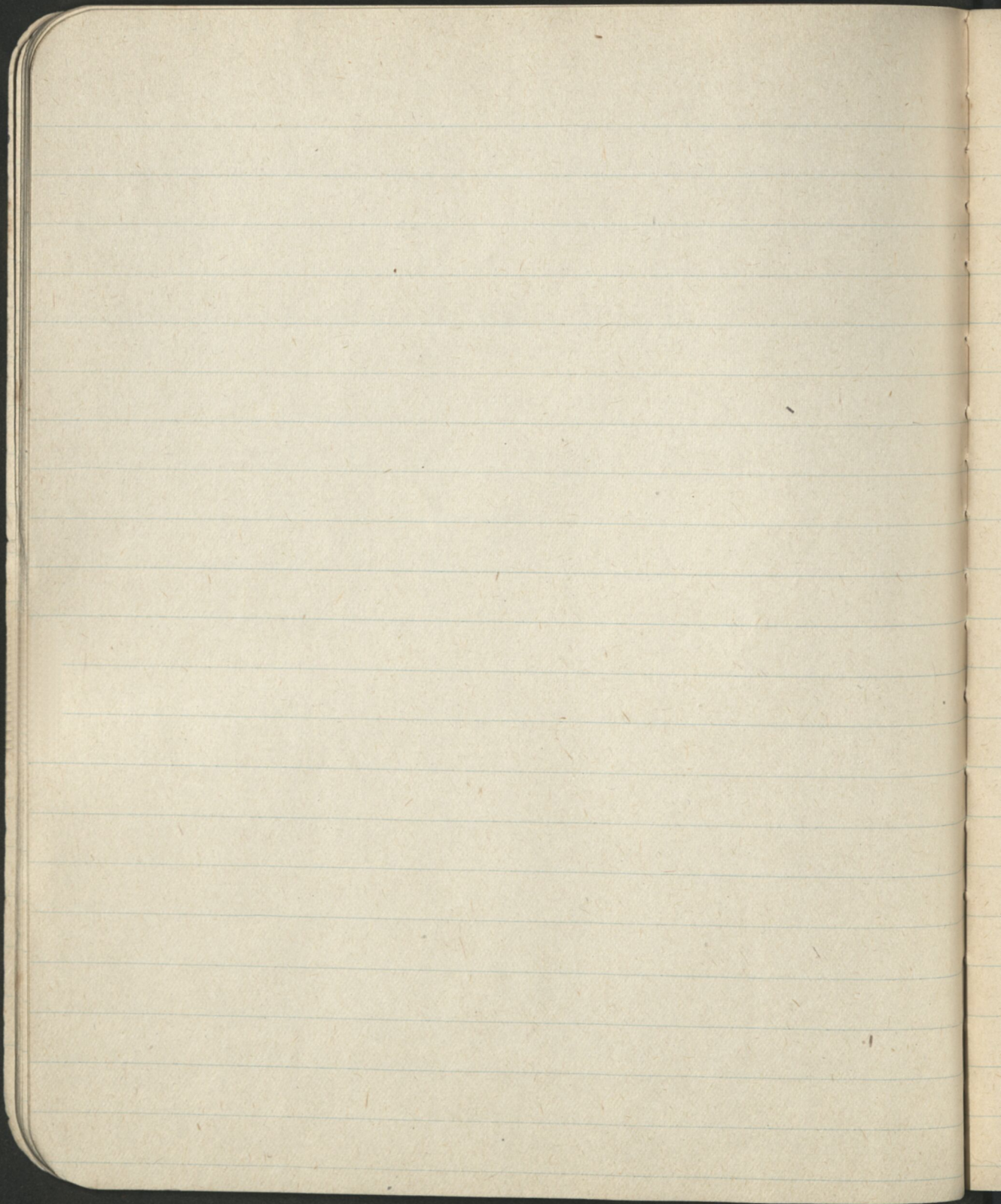




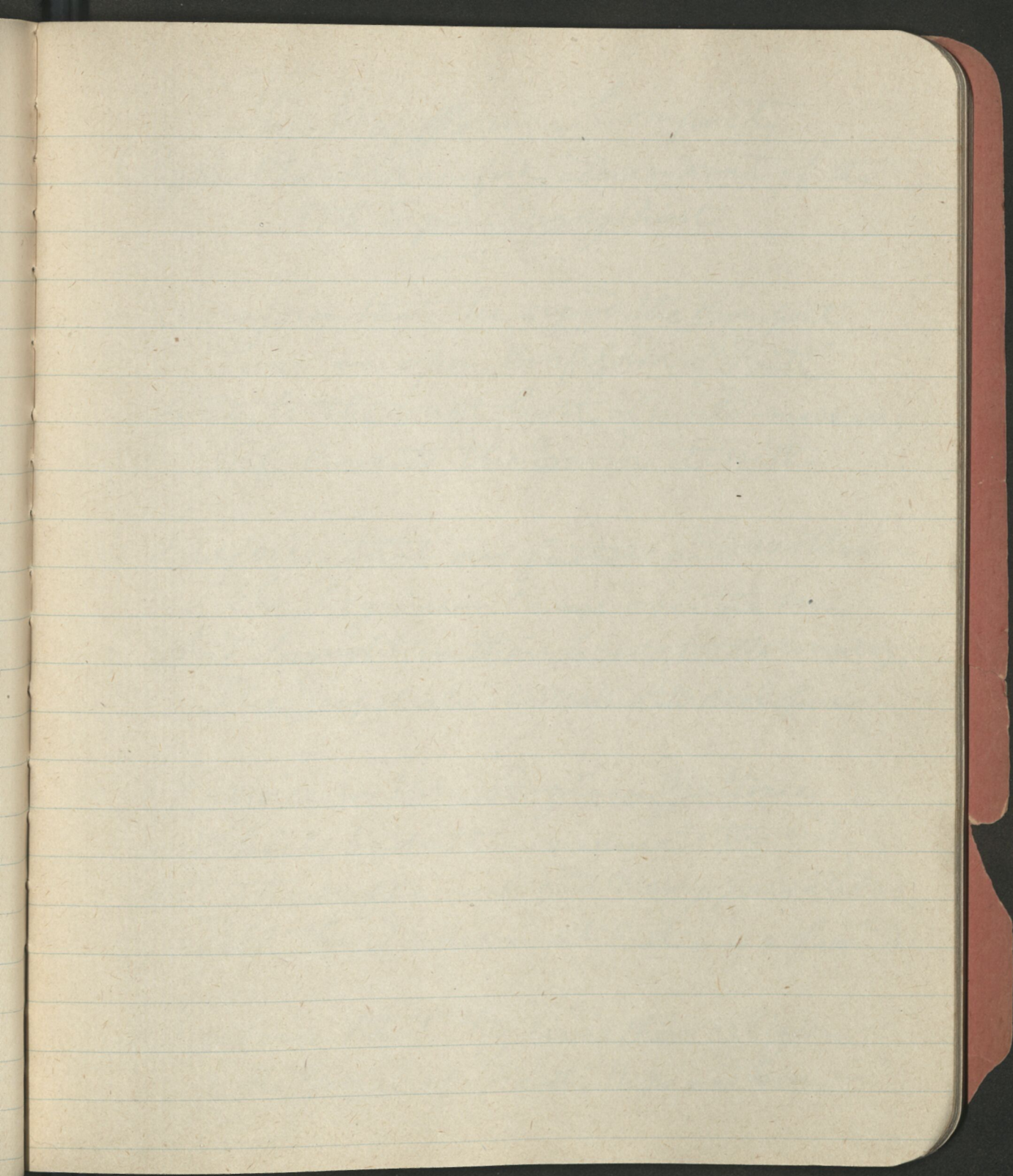




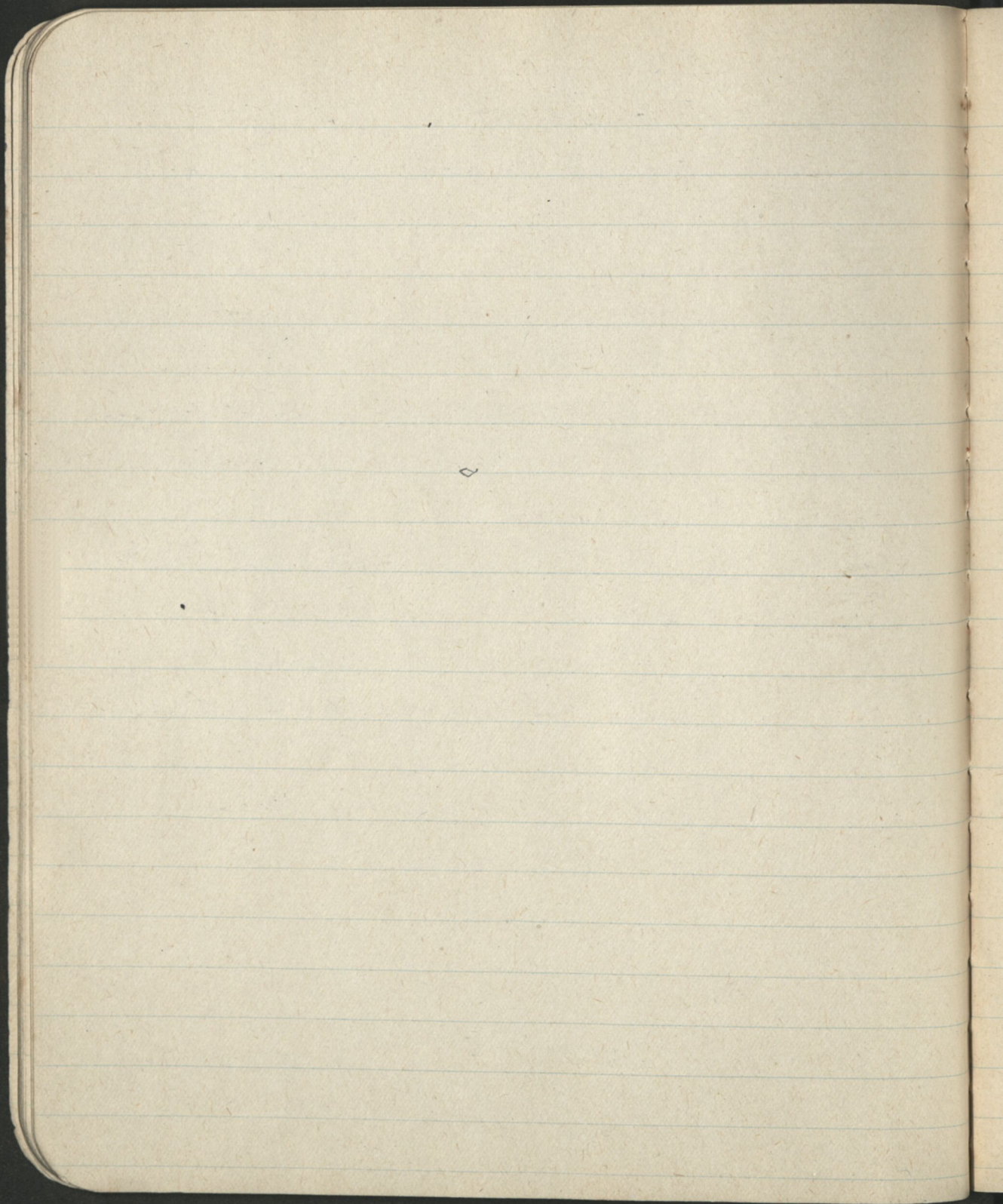














The Mayflower Compact,  
(By Rev. Robert H. Canfield - a Descendant of the  
59th Signer, Deacon Priest.  
— " —

I rejoice that he signed the Compact  
"I was an open 'Confession of Faith'"  
And, to the vast host of world-mockers,  
Of love to the Savior it saith.

I rejoice that our fathers and mothers, —  
The Pilgrims — came over the sea,  
And brought, in their hearts, to this Country,  
The Gospel which makes the soul free.

I rejoice in the God-given patience  
Which bade them endure to the end  
All the suffering, and many privations,  
Till the Indian at last was a friend.

I rejoice that they lived their religion —  
The Gospel of Faith, Hope and Love, —



To the natives of far distant ages,  
Examples all others above,

Saveffis, in whose cause they enlisted,  
Resolving to conquer or die;—  
If they lived, — to establish true freedom,  
If they died, — to be welcomed on high.

Brave Pilgrims! their Memories we honor  
Their faith in our hearts we enshrine  
And join with our hearts and our voices  
In praise to their Leader Divine!

Read in New York at the Forefather's Day  
celebration of the Society of New England Women



# A Word of Cheer.

Written for the Annual Breakfast of the  
Woman's Prof Club of New York,  
By Rev. Thebe A Hanaford -

Feb. 19. 1915 ———— "Honorary President".

My heart is resting in the hope of better days to come  
When we shall all be gathered in our glorious Heavenly home,  
And not a member absent, - all the dear ones side by side  
In the happy Prof Club circle of our home beyond the tide.

Every heart will then be happy, not one eye shall shed a tear,  
For the absent will be present, and the far-off will be near,  
And the smile we always welcomed will be ours again at last,  
When the woes of Time have vanished and its storms are <sup>at last</sup> overpast.

Forward then with strong endeavor all our fears to overcome,  
Let the duties all be finished, ere we reach our better home,  
And the harvest of our labors meet, the Reaper is glad  
And the song of gladness <sup>echoes</sup> when the victor's race is won. "Well done!"



Let the faithful heart remember that our God  
is everywhere.

Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His  
loving care.

And His strength shall be our helper all along the  
toilsome way

Till we reach the land celestial in that joyful  
meeting day.

— n —



The Crop-Bearer  
of the  
Dramatic Crusaders.

Written for 22<sup>nd</sup> Birthday Party of Prof. Woman's League  
of New York City - 28 Feb. 1915 -

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

In the far-off years of the valiant knights  
Who fought for the Holy Grave,  
They were led by one who bore the cross  
Of Him who died to save.

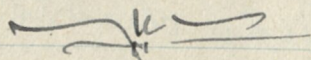
So moves <sup>one</sup> at the head of women wise -  
Of women pure in heart,  
Who bravely seek by dramatic power  
Great lessons to impart.

Her far-off ancestor had preached  
The Gospel of good-will;  
She sought to teach upon the stage  
That holy lesson still.



She lived the life of Hope and Faith  
And Love, which Jesus taught,  
And, with her wondrous gift of speech  
To help mankind she sought.

She lived a noble life, and earned  
A pure and world-wide fame,  
And true hearts in all lands, today,  
Prize Charlotte Cashman's name.





A Colleague's Greeting,  
For the Medico Legal Society, New York City.

191

By Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

With hopeful hearts, and friendly words,  
We gather here today  
And seek to help each other on  
In life's oft weary way.

The patients all are left behind  
To gather health and strength,  
In following our prescriptions close,  
And so be well at length.

The clients trust our legal band  
Who seek to guide them well,  
That probity and justice may  
Their future triumphs tell.

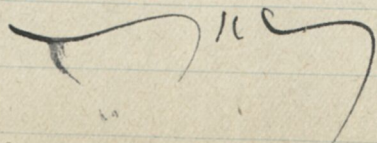


The clergy, keeping in their thoughts  
Each promise, tried and true,  
Forget not dear ones in their flocks,  
While colleagues here they view.

And mutual friends of all are here,  
To speak the kindly word  
And cheer each other in the path  
Which leads to Truth and God.

Oh Heavenly Father! grant thine aid  
To each brave toiler here  
Till victory for Wisdom tells  
That Thou art ever near.

That wheresoever we labor here,  
If true and kind and wise,  
The conqueror's wreath shall crown our toil -  
The "Well-Done" of the skies!









The sons and daughters of the King, who reigns  
in righteousness  
Must side by side, with equal rights, to  
equal glory press  
And find it true that, only thus, can the  
race reach holiness,  
Truth's battle fought and won.

Chorus.

With loving thoughts of vanished friends, and  
greetings kind and true  
For all who seek, in Woman's Cause, the  
Masters work to do,  
I send this hopeful word to show my sympathy with you  
God bless you, Marching on!

Chorus.



In Memoriam - Charlotte B. Wilbour.

By Rev. Thebe A. Hanaford.

(Written for and read at Memorial Service of Sososis

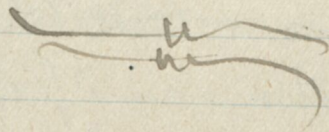
April 14, 1915

Honored and loved she has gone to her rest;  
Soul with <sup>soul</sup> greeting in land of the blest;  
Loved ones are there who have waited her long,  
Sweeter than ever will now be their song;  
Honored and loved in the heavenly sphere,  
She will wait where the name of Sososis  
is dear.

We will not forget her while seasons shall roll,  
And seed-time and harvest rejoice the true soul,  
Who plants for Eternity's grandeur and joy,  
Where the soul to soul converse shall have no alloy,  
Where Faith, Hope and Love - that blessed Combine -  
Shall be lost in Fruition and Glory Divine.



Her presence now gladdens the spirits she lost  
Ere she finished her labors and passed to her  
rest,  
And the memories and teachings we cherish  
today,  
Will help us to labor in earth's weary way  
Till the summons shall come to be with  
her again,  
Far from the earth with its sorrow and pain  
Where soul to soul greetings shall have  
highest place,  
As they meet the dear Savior, at last,  
face to face.





# Anniversary Hymn.

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford,

Sung, by Maria Mitchell Feasel, at the <sup>forty fifth</sup> anniversary of the marriage of her husband's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Florendine Feasel, in Henrietta, N.Y.

April 19, 1915.

We thank Thee, oh! Our Father! for the many busy years  
Wherein Thy Hand hath led us, thro' their varied  
hopes and fears;

As we come with precious mem'ries of the vanished  
smiles and tears,

While in Faith we pass along.

Chorus.

We bless Thee for the early love which bound in union sweet,  
The parents, who their daily path now tread with weary feet;  
And for the children who rejoice their early troth to greet,  
As in ~~tho~~ hope they pass along.

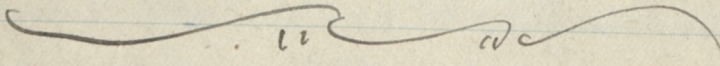
Chorus.



We ask thy blessing on the train united long ago;  
And on the children who, today, rejoice their love to show,  
And dear grand-children who with love set all our  
Hearts aglow,

While with Love we pass along.  
Chorus.

Guide Thou our footsteps as we go toward that dear  
Promised Land,  
Where earth's glad sons and daughters meet, a holy,  
Happy Band,  
And help us at the last, dear Lord, Thy love to  
understand,  
When we join the angel throng.  
Chorus.





(86th Birthday) Mothers' Day.  
By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford — composed May 6, 1915

"Mothers Day" comes with the blossoms of Spring,  
Comes when the wild birds their melodies sing,  
Comes when the robins and blue-birds abound,  
Comes when the wild flowers in beauty are found.

Shall we not hail it with Music and Song?  
Hail it as telling how lasting and long.  
Is the sweet tie that <sup>binds</sup> ~~unites~~ both mother and child:  
A tie that endures tho' life's storms may be wild!

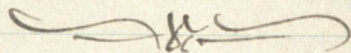
"Mother, dear Mother!" those words are so sweet!  
Fit for the ears of the seraphs to meet;  
"Mother, dear Mother!" while being shall last,  
Never will the music of those words be past.

"Mother, dear Mother!" those words shall resound  
In the land where the glads of Heaven is found,  
Where the Mothers in rapture greet children again,  
Where the angels shall echo the hallowed refrain.



God bless the true Mothers on all the wide Earth,  
Who are training their children for  
heavenly birth!

God guide the dear children of every broad land,  
Till Mothers shall greet them on Heaven's  
bright strand.





Composed  
May 22-  
1915

# The American Flag.

By Rev. Phoebe A Hanaford.

Written for the Occasion when the Woman's Relief Corps of Rochester presented a flag to the Sunday School of the Congregational Church in Henrietta, Monroe Co. New York. May 23, 1915. — a —

Read by my great-granddaughter Helen Matthews Fiesel.

There is no flag so fair on earth,  
No flag so full of glory,  
As that which tells our Nation's birth,  
And Freedom's wondrous story.

That black and white alike are free,  
Our veteran hosts are claiming;  
Our stripes and stars, on every sea,  
That Freedom is proclaiming.

God grant our flag may ever tell  
Of Liberty and Union,  
And, in the glorious Gospel sense,  
Of high and sweet communion!

(over)



God bless the flag to us so dear!  
Our striped and starry banner! -  
For equal rights and freedom's cheer,  
Lift high the land hosanna!

— u —  
u —



In Memoriam,

Cornelia S. Post.

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

July 19, 1915)

Farewell, dear friend, our hearts are sad  
To bid thee now adieu,  
But soon we will thy welcome hear,  
Where God makes all things new.  
The old, sweet friendships will remain,  
Their freshness is eternal;  
The love that knits our human hearts  
Is love forever vernal.

And when, amid the angel band,  
Our paths run side by side,  
"Best Love" will lead us, hand in hand,  
Forever to abide.

No earth born clouds can veil the sky  
Of that dear home celestial,  
And we shall share supernal joy  
Unknown in lands terrestrial.



Still in our hearts her place shall be  
Whose absence we deplore  
Until we greet her smile again,  
Upon the Shining Shore.  
Until the dear ones now on high,  
In that bright home abiding,  
Shall greet us also as we die  
In God's great love confiding.

— u —  
u



In Memoriam,

Mrs. Amelia Missouri Callender.  
July 22. 1915) By Rev. Phoebe A. Canaford.

The glorious ranks of sainted souls,  
Redeemed from sin - life crowned,  
Are larger now since souls like hers  
Eternal rest have found.

Meekly she bore each heavy cross  
Upon her earth-life laid,  
And, with a calm, unruffled brow,  
Met sorrows unafraid.

To life had for her full many a joy  
As dear friends clustered near,  
And sweet to her love's privilege  
To wipe the falling tear.

She listened to the "Voice Within",  
And heard the Spirit's call; -  
Obeying speedily His will  
Who cares for each and all.



For silent worship oft she heard,  
And welcomed, Duty's ~~call~~ voice;  
Obedient to the Master's call,  
Without a selfish choice;

Then "lived religion", day by day,  
Till, this life's work well done,  
She left us for love's waiting host,  
And wears the crown she won.

— — — — —  
— — — — —



"In Memoriam" Jeanne de la M. Lozier, M.D.  
By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford.

"Soros is in Heaven" - today  
Has welcomed another from earth  
Whose entrance to that blessed band  
Has crowned her immortal rebirth.

Dear Doctor! no more will she need  
To enter the sick room with care,  
Her patients will miss her on earth,  
But her comrades will welcome her there.

No sickness, and death nevermore!  
But health in its fulness and joy;  
And new powers for the help of her dear ones  
Forever her bliss to ~~enjoy~~ employ

Shall we mourn her departure? Alas!  
Soros is sorely bereft,  
When a spirit like hers says "Farewell",  
Though brave and true spirits are left.



We will cherish their memories dear  
Who have left us for Heaven's bright shore;  
Think God that with bliss they are crowned,  
Though we meet in Sorosis no more.

In the glorified circle above,  
Where so many dear members now meet,  
We shall gather, in peace and in love,  
And each other will joyfully greet.

Where soul meets with soul, in His presence  
Who suffered for us on the Cross,  
Must be joys and gladness forever  
And death shall be gain and not loss.

Basom. Aug 12. 1915



A Birth Day Greeting from  
Phoebe Anna Ford.

to Mrs. Helene S. Bell on the occasion of her  
80th birthday, Aug. 14, 1915.

Dear Friend, whose natal day we hail,

Our grateful thoughts arise,  
To Him, who called thee into life,  
To fit thee for the skies.

The vital spark from Heaven came,  
God's word went forth with power.  
In loving hearts he wrote thy name,  
And gave thee Wisdom's dower.

With loving hearts we greet thee now,—

As ~~twenty~~<sup>eighty long</sup> decades close;—  
And ask that even to the end,

He, who the future knows,  
May fold thee in His arms of love  
As in thy infant days,  
And, through the sunset years of life,  
Lift up thy soul in praise.



He, who, in earlier years received  
Thy loyal trust and love, -  
That Christ, in whom thou hast believed,  
Still reigns in light above.  
And when the Angel of Release  
Shall summon thee to Him,  
There shall no cloud of doubt arise  
Thy sunset sky to dim.

Pace on, then, in thy wended path,  
Home's blessings to bestow  
And friendships ~~life~~ blessings on the earth,  
To tastes of joy, to know.  
God bless thee on the heavenward road,  
God bless thy dear ones all,  
Until, thy last love word bestowed,  
Thou hear'st the Master's call.  
Then, with the crowned, immortal host  
Thou shalt in glory stand  
And greet, as ne'er on earth thou couldst  
The glad Saviors band.  
Each ransomed soul, forever blest,  
The tears all wiped away  
Each soul rejoicing in the rest  
Of Heaven's eternal day

Completed  
Aug 17, 1915  
in  
Barren



Times  
Written to be read on Frances E. Willard Day  
at W.C.T.U. in Albion, Mich. Feb. 28. 1915.  
Composed at the request of Mrs. D. B. Hall,  
By Rev. Phile A. Hanaford.

Dear Leader of the Temperance band,  
Who long and bravely fought  
For "God and Home and Native Land"  
We grieve that thou art not,  
As in the days gone by, our guide  
In paths we still would tread  
Ere yet the flag of Temperance floats,  
Triumphant, overhead.

But thy brave words, from braver heart,  
Are still in memory kept  
And, while thou hast seemed quite apart,  
Thy soldiers have not slept.  
They knew their Leader was not far, -  
With Christ she dwells on high, -  
And He has pledged each faithful heart  
To be forever nigh.



Go, led by Him, by faith I see  
Our earlier, faithful, guide  
Rejoicing in each effort made  
To stem the torrent wide  
Which flows in many a land today -  
In alcoholic blood; -  
Still sweeping souls away from joy,  
From freedom, and from God.

Dear friends, wherever your feet may tread  
His eye beholds your way,  
He knows the path each arrow sped,  
And hails the triumph day.  
"Toil on, dear souls," I hear her say,  
"The crown shall yet be won,  
And Temperance shall make our land,  
The best beneath the sun!"

---

Basom, General Co.,  
N.Y.



A Hearty Greeting  
From Thomas E. Warner to George Somers Goodale,  
Editor for half a Century of  
The Detroit Free Press.

composed by G. W. 26  
With pen that was mighty for truth,  
As a sword when a falsehood appears,  
He has won from the friends of his youth,  
At the close of his wise fifty years,  
The applause which the speaker receives  
When he rouses the patriot heart  
As he tells what he knows and believes  
With a hope the real truth to impart.

So, today, oh, my friend of the hours  
When together we toiled at the press  
I would strew in thy pathway the flowers  
Of approval thy spirit to bless.  
For nobly by truth thou hast stood  
And patiently wrought for the right  
And failed not to toil for the good  
Of the reader by day and by night.



So, early and late, thou hast served  
With a conscience all void of offence,  
Each high rule of right hast observed  
With honor and strong commonsense.  
That now thou hast won the regard  
Of the wise and the good who have seen  
How straight forward and true was thy word  
And praise thee for all thou hast been!

As editor, critic and friend,  
I hail thee, most worthy and true,  
And hope that from now to the end  
All good unto thee may accrue.  
The truth, which is mighty, prevails,  
The friendships of Time will endure  
And no Half-Century effort can fail  
To win the applause that is sure.

Bascom. Oct. 12 - 1915

by P. A. H.  
Composed for T. E. W. to send to J. R. G.



The Century Birthday of Elisabeth Cady Stanton  
By Rev. Thea A. Canaford.

A hundred years ago she came,  
A noble work to do,  
Whose name, today, wakes many a thought  
Of love and purpose true.

She loved this truth, - that Freedom ~~gave~~ gives  
The spirit mighty power,  
And longed for Freedom in her path  
As Woman's priceless dower.

A Freedom to express her views  
Of government and law,  
And, by the freeman's vote, declare  
For Peace instead of War.

She lived the life of one who dared  
The truth in boldness tell,  
While still her heart with love was warm  
Earth's sorrows to dispel.



She nobly led the Woman host  
Where'er God showed the way  
And knew that Victory would be won  
Ere "God's eternal day".

And though the Century has sped,  
And clouds still veil the sky,  
We cannot, will not think her dead,  
She lives, with us to cry

"All hail! the fast approaching day  
When Woman shall be free  
To vote and rule, as well as pray;-  
With thanks, Great God! to Thee."

Oct. 27. 1915



Nantucket Island,

Written for Sarah A. Palmer to read at New Eng. Mtg.

By P. A. H.

(Composed)  
Nov. 9, 1915

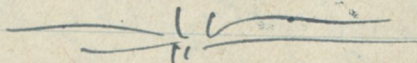
Isle of my birth! though years have passed  
Since thou wert my dear home,  
Thy children never forget that isle  
However far they roam;  
Nor precious memories, dear and sweet,  
Of loved ones on that shore  
Whose hearts were knit together there,  
But meet on earth no more.

The Island History fills our hearts  
With wonder and with pride;—  
They nobly wrought, on sea and land—  
Our friends beyond the tide.  
Some day, within the Father's house,  
We hope to hear them tell  
How gloriously they "kept the faith"  
And labored long and well.



In Quaker garb, with quiet speech,  
They lived the faith they taught;  
And, with the glorious Gospel hope,  
For human weal they wrought  
"Hannah for old New England"  
Our members gladly sing  
And we for "Old Nantucket"  
Our grateful tribute bring.

Dear island! ocean-girdled,  
Thou givest health and peace  
To those who seek, from toiling,  
Vacations sweet release!  
"God bless the sea-beat island!"  
Till, all earth's sorrows past,  
We hear remembered voices  
Say, "Welcome home" at last.





To the New York Colony of the National  
Society of New England Women at the  
Reception of the President, Mrs. John Francis Tanager  
to be held in New York City, 808 West End Ave.  
on Nov. 30. 1915

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.  
A Sisterly Greeting.

I greet New England Sisters  
With the old time love today,  
Though they are in the City,  
And I am far away.

They hear the postman's whistle,  
And can reach the city store  
While I have only "R. F. D."  
And a mile to my neighbor's door.

I love the birds and flowers,  
I love the bright, blue sky,  
But I do not love the Country,  
So far from Church am I,



Give me the city's bustle  
Give me the city's din,  
If I can also welcome  
My friends and neighbors in,

For more to me the greetings  
Of friendship, "soul to soul,"  
Than all the country glories  
While moon and stars may roll,

I have one solid comfort;—  
I ~~know~~ that God is nigh  
He whispers in each evening breeze,  
And smiles with sun on high,

He dwelleth, too, in cities  
Where His many children are;—  
More precious are they all to Him  
Than sun or moon or star.

And, led by Highest Wisdom,  
In upward steps they tread,



Who love the blessed Saviour  
Wherever skies are spread

And I must choose the City  
With its myriad human souls  
In preference to the Country  
Where loneliness controls.

So please accept my greeting  
And hear my wish today;  
"God bless you in your meeting,  
God guide your feet alway";

And when He gives permission  
Who guides our earthly way  
I'll gladly join your circle  
And in the City stay.

The years are onward speeding  
And the Heavenly City waits,  
To open for every member  
Its glorious, pearly gates.



There we shall not be parted  
By miles of sea or land  
But, in that blissful mansion,  
Will grasp the friendly hand.

Pursue then, in the pathway  
Which Duty shall provide,  
Till in the Heavenly City  
We are duelling side by side.

Where happy hearts are gathered,  
~~And~~ And angel voices ring,  
I hope to hear our members  
Their glad hosannas sing.

Till then, in patience waiting,  
I wish you every joy,  
Which comes to faithful servants  
In our dear Lord's employ.

Nov. 23. 1915-  
So cold in Bascom today  
I can hardly write



## The Dear Old Days

Written for the Jones Family Reunion of  
June 24, 1916 - By Rev. Theobald A. Hanaford.

The dear old days are in our thoughts,

The days of "Auld Lang Syne"  
The days when life was fresh and new  
Are often brought to mind.

Though some who then to us were dear  
Have gone beyond our sight  
We think of them as good and true  
And valiant for the Right.

In Memory's glass we see them yet  
Their voices still we hear  
And though they've reached Supernal bliss  
We feel them often near.

They love us yet, the joys Divine  
Take not their thoughts away  
From dear ones trusted and beloved  
In life's fresh, early day.



Where grace divine <sup>with</sup> its wondrous work  
In human lives appeared,  
While toward the land of holiest hope  
Our Nations helmsmen steered.

Where once the Mayflower anchored safe,  
And made the desert smile;  
Where Franklin had his Boston birth,  
A grandson of our Isle.

God bless our dear New England; -  
Proud of her worthy Past!  
And give to all her children,  
The bliss of heaven at last!

Sept. 9. 1916

— a — Pleasant Hill Farm  
Basom, Genesee Co.,  
New York



The Robin,  
By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford,

— " —  
Welcome! red-breasted bird of Spring!  
Thou herald of bright days!  
Thou speakest of the verdant Spring  
That soon will meet our gaze.

The bursting leaf buds come with thee;  
The lawn is green once more;  
With every song, the Robin tells  
Grim Winter's reign is o'er.

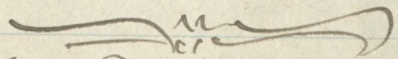
The Winter has its blessings,  
But Spring is far more dear,  
With bursting buds, and sweet May flowers,  
And Robin's song of <sup>cheer</sup> ~~joy~~.

Then hail! thou beauteous harbinger  
Of those delightful days  
When fields and gardens bud and bloom  
Beneath the summer rays.



"The long, bright days are coming"  
The robin's song declares,  
And in his joyous greeting  
Each grateful hearer shares.

We hail the buds and flowers  
Our grateful praises soar,  
While "Robin Redbreast" sings aloud, -  
"Grim Winter's reign is o'er!"

  
Pleasant Hill Farm  
Basin, Genesee Co. N.Y.  
April, 1916.



Nantucket May flowers.

By Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford.

O lovely blossoms of the Spring,  
The May flowers, sweet and dear,  
How shall I welcome them today,  
With Memory's smile or tear?

They grew where first I opened my eyes,  
Where loved ones welcomed me,  
Who since have passed into the skies,  
From sin and sorrow free.

Their Gospel hope I cherish too,  
And thank the loved ones here,  
Who welcomed, by these blossoms sweet,  
My Eighty Seventh year.

With swift speed the earthly years  
With care and toil go by;  
But, restful in their blessedness,  
The Eternal cycles fly.



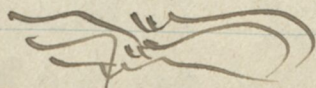
That isle the dear ones loved so well  
Is still in memory sweet,  
And where eternal anthems swell,  
They wait our souls to greet.

Yes! They are waiting on that shore  
Swept by the eternal sea;—  
Dear senders of these sweet May flowers  
To welcome you and me.

Twine, then, with Memories green today,  
The Island May flowers sweet;—  
And with the "Compact" heroes say—  
"Here, Peace and Freedom meet!"

For Peace from topings of Fines sea,  
Freedom from Sin's control;—  
With vanished loved ones hence to be,  
Await the ransomed soul.

Pleasant Hill Farm—  
Basom, Genesee Co. N.Y.



May 27. 1916



